

HONOR OLD GLORY.

The Black Boys in Blue Celebrate The Fourth in the Philippine Islands in a Bunting Way—Lieut. Gilmore's Patriotic Address.

Lieutenant David J. Gilmore of the Forty ninth made a speech in the presence of his colored soldiers, President Pulido, and 500 Filipinos of Sanchez Mira, on the occasion of the raising of the American flag over the town, April 1st. It breathes of patriotism and in the presence of the colored troops it created a most favorable impression.

The speech was in part:

"President Pulido and Filipinos:



LIEUT DAVID J. GILMER.

The duty we have gathered here to perform gives me more pleasure than any previous one, and soldiers of this detachment of the Forty ninth Infantry you, too, may feel proud to know you are standing behind your guns, performing one of the duties that Mr. Lincoln said you would some day live to do. You can look around you and see men with uncovered heads as an act of appreciation for this occasion, who a few days ago fought you and this flag, with shot and shell.

President Pulido, in raising the American flag over Sanchez Mira and your people, we raise for them and for all who respect it, a flag for peace; a flag for justice; for liberty; for pure homes, for educated children; for virtue; for the rights of women and for free religion.

Mr. Pulido, this flag commands over seventy five millions of Americans and one hundred thousand well equipped soldiers. Wherever the flag leads we follow, and your people accept its silent but supreme commands as it mingles with the breezes of the Orient. No longer will the interior and exterior jurisdiction of your people's domestic affairs be subjected to the wishes of the oppressor, and no longer will your good women have to flee from the brutal longings of vicious men.

Mr. President, this flag raised a race of people from the lowest pit of ignorance, and from chattel bondage to the highest ranks of civilization, education, and opulence, and sir, your people might well thank God our Father for such a symbol of capable protection and guidance. Any attempt on the part of your people to haul down this flag will be nothing more nor less than self murder.

Our newly acquired constituents, you have never before had such an emblematical fortress, and you will never live to regret it. Your posterity will thank God for this period, and gladly join hands with all America and sing in one sweet accord, "My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty."

When the soldiers who are now fighting for your peace and safety set sail for their homes across the Pacific, one and all of them will leave with you all

the parting words of Christ when he left this earth, "peace on earth, good will toward men," and the Americans who come to dwell with you will bring and unfold to your people the blessings of a great nation."

In reply President Pulido said:

"We, the people of this town, have come together to assist in the very solemn act of blessing and raising over this town the much respected flag of the great North American Nation. This flag, my brethren, is that which confirms to us our liberty from the slavery under the dominion of Spain; that which brings to us the true peace with our enemies, and our tranquility. We recognize that grace and compassion that guards us in the way of industry, reason, science, and wealth, and it will lead us to true progress.

"Let us take shelter, my brethren, under its shadow, in order that it may unfold over us the wings of its power, seeing in this manner our adherence and obedience it will give us that which we have so long wished for, independence or complete liberty, as it has promised us.

"And in order to prove our love and adherence to this very solemn act let us all cry, "Long live the champion liberator, the great North American Nation. Long live its President—McKinley. Long live General Otis. Long live the Philippines."

Miss D. M. Green's Sudden Demise.

There are but few occasions when human kind can follow the biblical injunction of rejoice at the outgoing of a soul from this terrestrial sphere to their eternal home, even when the one called has been long a sufferer and has served their allotted three score and ten, but when the grim visitor, without premonition, knocks, enters, and demands the being of one approaching the full bloom of honored womanhood, one who has ingratiated herself into the hearts of all who knew her, and actively engaged along elevating lines, it must truly seem that the above injunction was intended for people and conditions other than those which have existed in the civilized man of this and all past times.

Miss D. Mosella Green, of St. Michael, Md., was visiting her aunt Mrs. Mary A. Hackett, and on Wednesday evening the 11th inst., arose from the dinner table complaining of a slight indisposition. At no time did she seem ill, but at 2:45 next morning the great Master called her unto his chosen few and a void exists in the hearts of those who will know her no more. Her sister Mrs. Helen G. Turner, principal of the St. Michael colored school, came in response to a telegram, and upon her devolved the sad duty of accompanying the remains home. An acute form of gastritis was the cause of death.

A CORRECTION.

Washington, D. C. July 12, 1900.

Editor The Colored American—I call your attention to a mistake of the excursion for the 27th of July to Notley Hall. You have Young Ladies' Immediate Club and it is Young Ladies' Immediate Relief Association.

MRS. HARRIS

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

Stewart M. Lewis, heretofore connected with The Colored American as collector and advertisement solicitor, is no longer with the paper. The public is warned against paying him any money on behalf of the paper.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Manager.

Poverty Our Drawback.

The political future of the Negro at this juncture is not bright. Slowly, but surely, we are being eliminated from the arena where we were once influential and powerful.

It is not difficult to determine the reasons underlying this unpleasant situation. The chief cause is that our political growth has been unnatural, and failing to strengthen ourselves along material lines in the degree necessary to reinforce that abnormal development, our house of cards is simply tumbling down from its own top-heaviness. The artificial props placed under us by the friendly and sanguine elements of the white race, have been torn away by the grasping hand of commercialism, and we find now after a third of a century of freedom that we must begin our life structure anew, building up from the very bottom. This may favor of pessimism, but it is true.

Our difficulty is not due to the fact that we are not wanted in politics—as far as the North is concerned. It is because we have nothing to offer except our lone vote. We have not the financial resources and business prestige of the white man with whom our ambition leads us to compete. We have no commercial interests to make campaign issues mean anything but "words, words, words" to us. Currency, legislation, tariff reform, municipal systems and expansion problems are exploited by the money kings and controlling factors of the government, while we sit in the gallery as mere spectators—as we did very largely at the Philadelphia Convention. We contribute little or nothing to campaign funds and can scarcely pay our own way to the national gathering place.

We must open our eyes to the realization that we have been making progress in an ill balanced direction. A full head is a desirable thing, but when associated with an empty pocket the combination is an ugly misfit. To be a successful and well rounded race our financial and business progress must keep pace with the intellectual and moral. We must be able to pay our way, like other people, or else take pot luck on the back seat. The dollar is mighty and almighty. No public man will fellowship on equal terms with an individual of any race who finds it necessary to do his chores for him, or to solicit an old pair of trousers. It is our political mendicancy—not our color, that places us at such a tremendous disadvantage.

We supplicate too much. We "resolute" too much. We talk entirely too much. You don't see or hear the Germans, or the Irish indulging in these things, to any great extent. When they have business or personal interests to protect they simply go ahead and protect them, asking no favors of anybody. Parties cater to their wishes—not they to parties. They scan platforms so worded by shrewd politicians as to tickle their fancy, and choose cold bloodedly that man or party which concedes most toward their betterment. The Negro can get similar courtesy shown him, but only by being in a position to pursue a similar course, and having enough manhood to stick to it. Poverty is the millstone that hangs about our necks. We are too poor to be independent. No man can dictate terms, nor stand upon his dignity when the pangs of hunger annoy his stomach. We are not able to refuse the bone that is flung us

when we have demanded meat. The powers know this and treat us accordingly.

The remedy lies in our getting on a newer and more vigorous "hustle" for the goods of this world—money, property, education. We must not, we cannot "abandon politics," but if we hope for salvation, we must cease to depend upon so fluctuating a market for our living. Office holding is a means to an end—not the end itself. Have a business, a profession or a trade by which you can support yourself and family. Then when you go the ballot box you can be a man and citizen. Committees will ask you what you want, instead of grudgingly granting you a three-minute hearing, after a most humble appeal.

Far from "getting out of politics," the thing to do is to get deeper into the game—but get in with means at your command, and thus wield an influence which will compel the respect of all. Poverty is the Negro's gravest drawback in the politics of today.

THE OCEAN CITY NEWS

A New Literary—A Glance at the Social World—Driftings.

Ocean City, Maryland, Special—A literary society was organized last Thursday night by the young men of Ocean City. Great care was exercised in the selection of officers as it is the purpose of the Association to make it unparalleled. The meeting was called to order by Mr. J. L. Honeywell, acting chairman, and after stating the object and importance of such a move the selection of officers took place. Robert Greene, president; Alonza Mitchell, vice president; Bernard Hartgrove, financial secretary; C. H. Stokes, treasurer; Geo. H. Smith, chaplain; C. H. Chestnut, sergeant at arms. Meetings will be held every Monday evening at the Ocean City chapel. Miss Bertina Frye of Salisbury, Md., will spend the summer at the Ocean Wave Hotel. Mr. Geo. St. Clair, of Atlantic City paid a visit here last week. Mr. John Rider, the diningroom chief of Congress Hall enjoys the distinction of great popularity on the island. Mr. Rider has been head waiter at Congress Hall for the past nine years, the excellent service of this hotel is due mainly to the skilled and efficient management of Mr. Rider. Mr. Wm. J. Miller is second man and also holds the confidence of the entire dining room force. The culinary department is under the supervision of Mr. Watson Nickels, a young man of unique taste. The board walk furnishes much amusement. At night the calcium light upon the Atlantic Casino casts its reflection for a considerable distance out at sea. The illumination is something beautiful and leaves room for unprecedented comment. Mr. John Berg and Fred Wander, bakers at the Atlantic Hotel, enjoy the confidence of all. Their services in said capacity is the finest in years. Mr. Samuel Robbins, a prominent hotel proprietor of New York has opened a first class house directly upon the beach. Mr. Robbins has placed the hostelry in first class order, sparing no pains for the comfort of his guests. Messrs. Hartgrove and are assistant correspondents of The Colored American at Ocean City.

St Monica's Episcopal mission gave a well attended social and promenade Wednesday evening of last week at Butler's Park, Anacostia. A neat sum was cleared.